

# Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.  
IRONTON, MISSOURI.

## GOLDEN ROD.

In all the world, embraced in mortal sight,  
There's nothing seems more like the smile of  
Than flowers do when kissed by morning light—  
And Queen of all is lovely golden rod.

In ancient days where'er sweet Flora flew,  
In every path the charming goddess trod,  
Its germs, with lovely hand, she freely threw,  
To deck her fields with brilliant golden rod.

What'er the songs that Nature's voices hymn,  
There can be none more like the songs of them,  
Than songs of birds, alone attuned by him  
For Flora's gorgeous fields of golden rod.

Though every bud that blooms with beauty shines,  
And bears the tender touch of love of God,  
There's none that will be brighter and brighter  
Than Queen of all, the gorgeous golden rod.

It bloometh not in spring or summer rain,  
When countless minor beauties stud the sod;  
But later on, in robes of ripper days,  
And regal splendor, blooms the golden rod.

No rival beauties justly can contend  
That decorate the field or velvet sod—  
With softer shades its richer colors blend,  
Adorning all, this brilliant golden rod.

'Tis not the dainty sort of tender care,  
Nor doth it need a special coddle or a dote,  
But beautiful in bloom, and lovely in form,  
This royal beauty, splendid golden rod.

And though it may be in bloom for all,  
And sweetly, lowly bends with queenly nod,  
To lesser graces of the golden field,  
Their noble sister, brilliant golden rod.

Although it bears itself with stately mien,  
It smiles alike for all, with smiles of God,  
Of every field and clime the floral queen,  
This ever rich and brilliant golden rod.

The odors pure that precious flowers yield,  
Exhaled by solar beams from rain and soil,  
Exquisite pleasures give, through wood and field,  
Distilled by him who gives the golden rod.

The perfume that Heavenly Flora makes,  
As 'twere the breath of angels and of God,  
Is taste of what's beyond the mortal ken,  
To be bestowed when fades the golden rod.

In all the world embraced in mortal sight,  
There's nothing seems more like the smiles  
Of God  
Than flowers do when kissed by morning light—  
And Queen of all is lovely golden rod.

—N. Y. Herald.

## SALLY SPARKS.

The Pathetic Story of Her Last Disappointment.

UST to ease my  
bursting heart I  
am going to  
write out an ac-  
count of my dis-  
appointment. It  
is meant only for  
my own perusal.  
If I thought  
anybody else  
would read it,  
I should cer-  
tainly faint  
away on the spot.

In the first  
place, I will set  
down here what I wouldn't say to any  
breath of air. I am forty-one years old this spring; and  
yet I have never quite succeeded in  
securing a partner to walk with me  
the thorny paths of existence, as some-  
body very poetically and feelingly re-  
marked. If I did only know at seven  
what awaited me, I really believe I  
should have given up. Sixteen! Only  
think, that was twenty-five years ago—  
though I give it out to the public that  
I'm most thirty—but I'm afraid there  
are some of them that don't believe it.

However, I don't intend to give an ac-  
count of all my past living hell, but  
only going to set down the particulars of my  
last summer's disappointment.

It was just about the first of June  
that the thought popped into my head,  
what a good idea it would be to go to  
the country to board. I'd pretty much  
given up the prospect of finding a hus-  
band in Millville, and I felt as if I  
factory girls—impudent, brazen hussies,  
as they are—monopolize the attentions  
of all the men, so that those who are  
delicate and refined, like myself, don't  
stand any chance, because they won't  
stoop to use the same arts that they do.  
Wess me, what a long renter! How-  
ever, as no eye but my own is ever to  
read it, I don't make so much difference.

Well, as I was saying, I concluded to  
go to some country town to spend the  
summer, hoping that, by passing my-  
self off for a rich heiress or fashionable  
 belle, I might be able to catch a beau.

So I began to look over the adver-  
tisements of country board, and at  
length came to the conclusion to go up

to Huckleberry Corner, in New Ham-  
shire, where all the people that ain't  
farmers are agriculturists.

I provided myself with as many fine  
dresses as I could afford, for, you know,  
I wanted people to think I was wealthy.  
I found it so expensive that, before I  
got through, I found myself obliged to  
sell the half of my land that Grand-  
father Sparks left me in his will. But  
then I thought how much more valu-  
able a husband would be than a half-  
acre of land. So I submitted to the sac-  
rifice with Christian fortitude, and  
my reward would come sooner or later.

It wasn't till about the last moment  
that the most brilliant idea of all came  
to me. It was this: I would pass my-  
self off for a Southern widow, with a  
great cotton plantation. I felt pretty  
sure the men would nibble at that bait.  
Of course there wouldn't be nobody in  
Huckleberry Corner that would know  
me, so I could get along well enough.

I didn't quite know what State would  
be the best for me to hail from, but I  
finally concluded that Alabama would  
be as good as any. So I decided on that.

I likewise concluded to change my  
name so as to avoid suspicion, and I  
went down to the city on purpose to have  
some cards struck off with my new  
name. They looked like this:

MRS. COL. SPARKVILLE,  
SPARKVILLE,  
Alabama.

I thought Sparkville sounded sort of  
aristocratic, and as I didn't know the  
names of any places in Alabama, I  
thought I would put Sparkville, as that  
would give people an idea that my hus-  
band had been a man of some impor-  
tance, to have the whole town named  
after him.

Well, every thing being arranged, I  
left Millville without letting anybody  
know where I thought of going. Indeed,  
I hinted round that I didn't know, but I  
would visit some of my relations in  
Boston, which wasn't a falsehood, be-  
cause I do expect to, sometime, if I live  
long enough.

On the morning of the second day, I  
found myself on board the stage that  
went to Huckleberry Corner.

There wasn't but one other passenger  
in the stage but myself. He was a tall  
man with elegant black whiskers and  
looked as if he might be about thirty  
years old. I was immediately struck by his  
appearance, and considered how I might  
draw his attention to me, for thus far  
he hadn't taken any more notice of me  
than I had been a cat. After a little  
reflection I thought I would slip one of  
my cards out of my pocket, and contrive  
to drop it accidentally at his feet, so that  
he couldn't help stooping to pick it up;  
when, of course, he would see the name,  
and would think more of me in conse-  
quence.

So I just took the opportunity when  
he was looking out of the window at the  
scenery, and slyly dropped the card just  
at his feet. But would you believe it,  
the provoking critter kept a looking out  
of the window for some time, and when  
he got through doing that never  
thought of looking at his feet. So I  
coughed slightly, and remarked in what  
I considered to be an aristocratic tone:

"Would you be kind enough to hand  
me the card which I accidentally let  
fall?"

"Certainly, ma'am," said he, indif-  
ferently, stooping to pick it up. But  
when he saw the name he said in a  
more interested tone: "I perceive that  
you are a Southern lady."

I bowed.

"Would you allow me?" he continued,  
"to retain this card and give you one of  
my own in exchange?"

"I should be pleased to have you do  
so," said I, quite delighted at his desire  
to make my acquaintance.

He handed me a card on which was in-  
scribed the name of Erastus Lyon, M. D.  
"Are you indeed a physician?" said I,  
enthusiastically. "It is a profession  
that I venerate. It is the mission of  
the physician to relieve suffering pain  
and sickness, and although my own  
health has been remarkably good, I  
value the profession none the less. Let  
me see. I haven't been sick for twenty  
years, and as that was when I was a  
mere child, under ten, I don't remember  
much about it."

I said this so that he might make a  
calculation about my age, and think me  
under thirty. He looked a little sur-  
prised, I thought, and pretty soon he  
said:

"Have you ever been North before?"

"Yes," said I. "In fact I feel pretty  
well acquainted with you Northerners."

"And how do you like us, may I ven-  
ture to ask?"

"Very much indeed. In fact I may  
say that I feel quite as much at home  
among you as at the South. Since the  
death of my husband, Colonel Sparkville,  
I have passed all my summers at the  
North."

I might have said that I had passed  
all my springs, falls and winters also,  
but I thought it wasn't necessary to tell  
the whole truth.

"May I inquire," said Dr. Lyon,  
"whether you intend to stop any length  
of time at Huckleberry Corner?"

"I am thinking of passing the sum-  
mer there if I like the place and meet  
agreeable people."

"No, and I know no one there."

"Indeed," said Dr. Lyon, thoughtfully.  
After a moment's pause he added:  
"If my brilliant acquaintance could justify  
the offer, I will suggest that the place  
at which I myself have engaged board  
is an excellent one, and very pleasantly  
situated."

"Indeed, sir," said I, considerably  
more pleased than I was willing to  
show. "I shall be very much obliged  
to you if you will take that trouble."

When we reached Huckleberry Cor-  
ner, I stopped at the stage office while  
Dr. Lyon went over to engage board for  
me. He came back in about half an  
hour, saying it was all arranged and I  
could go right over.

Half an hour afterwards I found my-  
self settled in a very comfortable room  
at the house of Ezekiel Preston. He  
didn't take but two boarders, Dr. Lyon  
and myself. I wanted awfully to know  
how much board I was expected to pay,  
but I didn't dare to ask, as I wanted to  
pass for a rich Southern widow, to whom  
money was no consideration.

The next day Dr. Lyon happened to men-  
tion to me, of his own accord, that they  
charged seven dollars a week. It al-  
most made me jump when I heard it,  
for I had calculated on not having more  
than half that to pay, and I felt sure  
that they would not raise the price be-  
cause they thought I was rich. However,  
when he told me I only said very coolly:  
"Oh, very well. Quite reasonable, I  
think." I knew that remark made quite  
an impression on him, for after that he  
became quite attentive to me. So three  
weeks passed away. Every day regular  
Dr. Lyon answered that in that case a  
second marriage might be considered a  
compliment to my late husband, and in-  
timated that a refusal might have the  
effect of driving him to suicide. Well,  
the upshot of it was that we agreed to  
be married in a week by the minister of  
Huckleberry Corner. Dr. Lyon said he

would invite a lady cousin to be present  
and stand up with me, as I couldn't be  
expected to have many lady friends at  
the North. Little did I anticipate who  
that female friend was. Two days be-  
fore the ceremony she came, and to my  
horror I recognized her as my old enemy,  
Clarissa Higgins, of Millville.

"Mrs. Col. Sparkville, of Alabama,"  
said she in her shrill voice, when we  
were introduced. "Why, this is the old  
maid, Sally Sparks, that has lived all  
her life in Millville."

"Good heavens! this is indeed so?"  
asked Dr. Lyon, looking from her to me.

As for me, I fainted away in mortifi-  
cation, and when I came to I was told  
that my husband that was to be had left  
town, and the marriage was indefinitely  
postponed. I used up my last cent in  
paying my board bill and stage fare,  
and here I am at home again, a penni-  
less and forlorn spinster—no longer  
Mrs. Col. Sparkville, of Alabama, but  
Miss Sally Sparks, of Millville.—Car-  
line F. Preston, in Boston Globe.



"WHY, THIS IS THE OLD MAID, SALLY SPARKS!"

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## A SUCCESSFUL AUTHOR.

An Article That Attracted Great Atten-  
tion and Brought Good Pay.

It is not every ambitious writer that  
scores success with his first article. I  
knew one such, though his name has  
now slipped my memory. At that time  
he was county treasurer. For weeks  
after his article appeared in print he  
was visited by different neighbors and  
fellow-citizens of that county, who  
showed their appreciation of his article  
by leaving with him sums of money var-  
ying from one dollar to several hun-  
dred dollars in amount.

His theme might have been called  
"Discourager of Hesitancy," although it  
was not, for that is what the article  
did—discouraged the hesitancy of many  
writers. The article was entitled "The  
Literary Production was that the story  
had too many heroes. There were  
not fewer than 1,500 characters, and each  
character was a hero in the story. The  
title of the story was 'D. Lynn Qu'Ent  
Taquesist.' The title looks Frenchy  
in print, but the story was entirely  
American, and the scene was laid in  
the author's own county.

What makes me remember the story  
so well, though I have forgotten the  
name of the author, is that I  
was one of the characters mentioned.

What was said about me ran something  
like this:

Sixty letters Ad. C. B. Holding, \$13.25

I bought one of the papers and took it  
home to show the paragraph to my wife.

I was informed by the author, when  
I went up a few days afterwards with  
my father-in-law to congratulate him  
on his success, that the story had netted  
him something like \$7,750, including the  
\$13.25 which we left with him for  
mentioning my name and so graphically  
describing my residence.

The story was published at the au-  
thor's expense. Several publishers of-  
fered to print the narrative for what  
there was in it, but the author chose to  
pay for the work outright, and declined  
the offers of the publishers. The end  
justified his choice.

I have mentioned this little incident  
as an offset to the theory that no writer  
need expect great fame or great pay at  
the beginning of his career. This inci-  
dent also illustrates another truth. To  
be a successful writer one must weave  
into his history incidents and charac-  
ters about which he has no personal in-  
terest. All the scenes described in  
this story were such as possessed real  
interest for every reader. Indeed the  
same story is published annually and  
never fails to excite comment and cre-  
ate interest.—C. B. Holding, in Writer.

## USES OF AMMONIA.

How It Is Applied to the Manufacture of  
Biscuits and Bread.

Among the discoveries in science and  
chemistry none is more important than  
the uses to which carbonate of ammonia  
can be put. It is a leavening agent,  
and which indicate that this  
familiar salt is hereafter to perform an  
active part in the preparation of our  
daily food.

The carbonate of ammonia is an ex-  
ceedingly volatile substance. Place a  
portion of it upon a knife and hold  
over a flame, and it will almost  
immediately be entirely developed into  
gas and pass off into the air. The gas  
thus formed is a simple composition of  
nitrogen and hydrogen. No residue is  
left from the ammonia. This gives it  
its superiority as a leavening power  
over soda and cream of tartar used  
alone, and has induced its use as a  
supplement to these articles. A small  
quantity of ammonia in the dough is ef-  
fective in producing bread that will be  
lighter, sweeter and more wholesome  
than that risen by any other leavening  
agent. When it is acted upon by the  
heat of baking the leavening gas that  
raises the dough is liberated. In this  
act it uses itself up, as it were; the am-  
monia is entirely diffused, leaving no  
trace of residue whatever. The light,  
fluffy, flaky appearance, so desirable in  
biscuits, etc., and so sought after by  
professional cooks, is said to be im-  
parted to them only by the use of this agent.

The bakers and baking powder manu-  
facturers producing the finest goods  
have been quick to avail themselves of  
this useful discovery, and the hand-  
somest and best bread and cake are now  
largely risen by the aid of ammonia,  
combined, of course, with other leaven-  
ing material.

Ammonia is one of the best known  
products of the laboratory. If, as  
seems to be justly claimed for it, the  
application of its properties to the pur-  
poses of cooking results in giving us  
lighter and more wholesome bread, bis-  
cuit and cake, it will prove a boon to  
dispele humanity, and will speedily  
force itself into general use in the new  
field to which science has assigned it.—  
Scientific American.

## ABOUT EXTRAVAGANCE.

In the Past Money Was Spent More Reck-  
lessly Than at Present.

Pessimism continually charges a wo-  
ful extravagance on our age. The  
fathers, it says, were compelled to  
scrape and to save, mindful of every  
dollar, and content if only a meager  
balance remained to their credit at the  
end of the year. We are rapidly drifting  
into envying luxury, it affirms, and  
our costly buildings, and paintings,  
sculpture, our comfortable modes of  
life, and our reckless way of consider-  
ing public and private expenditures are  
indicative of an unhappy mental and  
even moral degeneration. There is  
much apparently in support of such  
statement. We are weary of prosaic  
living in great degree, and long for a  
release to a civilization eminently com-  
fortable if not luxurious, and at least,  
"interesting," as Matthew Arnold would  
say. Not so far beneath our greed for  
monetary prosperity, indeed, exist-  
ing as a potent motive to accumu-  
late, is the national desire for a better  
social condition. We take a half-holiday  
now and then to study great pictures or  
statues; we read more than ever good  
books and magazines, and we live in  
better houses. All this is necessary to  
proper development, and yet we must  
confess a certain tendency to extrava-  
gance, carelessness and danger. Still,  
however reckless we may be, it is per-  
haps a consolation to know that we are  
less extravagant than the people of cer-  
tain other times. We pay our thou-  
sands for our houses, our pictures and  
our sculpture, and yet do not equal the  
extravagance of the Romans. The  
Attalus offered Nicias a sum equal to  
\$75,000 for a painting, and the artist re-  
fused him, preferring to present the  
picture to his country as a gift. Julius  
Cesar bought of Timonachus, the Athe-  
nian painter, two figures for eighty tal-  
ents, or \$100,000, and Apelles, the  
Greek painter, sold a portrait of  
Alexander, wearing a thunder-  
bolt. Indeed, he himself paid \$75,000  
for the pictures with which  
Protogenes had adorned his studio, and  
which had proved unsalable, and this  
chiefly as an encouragement to a strug-  
gling fellow-artist. Some of our public  
buildings, such as the capitol, the  
arsenals, but none of them would de-  
mand any thing like the \$12,000 which  
Athens paid to Herodotus for reading  
his history at the Panathenian festival.  
Socrates, it is said, received almost  
\$19,000 for one oration, and probably  
even Dr. Dow, should he engaged to de-  
figure more reasonable. We all remem-  
ber that Virgil was rewarded most gen-  
erously for his few lines on the young  
Marcellus, and Suetonius says that Asel-  
lus Sabinus received four hundred thou-  
sand sesterces—some \$17,000—for a dia-  
logue between a mushroom, a cabbage,  
and a turnip. The extravagance of the  
city of the Avern in Gaul a round million  
and a half for a statue of Mercury, and  
this expenditure seems to have been  
not especially exorbitant for the age. A  
hundred other examples of ancient ex-  
travagance might easily be found, but  
which would point to the same general  
truth, that our recklessness of expendi-  
ture has not yet equaled the recklessness  
of the past. But we must remem-  
ber that a national lapse into luxurious  
idleness is followed always by national  
decay, and keep our eyes wide open to  
the pleasant but dangerous tendency of  
the present.—Providence Journal.

The meerschium comes from Turkey  
in boxes. A box holds about fifty  
pounds, and is worth from \$20 to \$300,  
according to the size and quality of the  
pieces. It looks like plaster of paris  
smoothed off and rounded. The amber  
looks like beeswax or large pieces of  
resin. It comes in pieces, and is worth  
from \$2 to \$50 a pound. Meerschium  
make a \$5 pipe costs about \$2.50. The  
amber tips, raw, cost about one-quarter  
or one-half as much.

When an order comes for a pipe the  
proprietor goes through the stock of  
meerschium to get a piece out of which  
the pipe can be cut with as little loss  
as possible. Four-fifths of the meerschium  
is wasted, though the chips are  
often saved and made into imitation  
meerschium pipes.

The meerschium is first cut on a circular  
saw into a piece a little larger  
than the pipe. If the cutting shows  
holes or cracks the piece is cast aside.  
Then it is soaked in water for fifteen  
minutes and cut the rough shape with  
a knife. Then a hole is drilled through  
it and it is turned with a half-moon.  
After the turning the stem is inserted.  
It is smoothed off when dry, boiled in  
wax and polished; then it is ready to be  
sold.

The amber is worked with a chisel  
and turning wheel. The chisel is sharp  
and razor-like. A clumsy operator  
would cut his fingers off with it. An  
old operator takes the piece of amber in  
his hand and rounds it with the chisel,  
the feedings of the chisel being made  
as a guide for the chisel to play. When  
it is rounded it is held against the face  
of a roughened wheel until it is turned  
to approximately the required size.  
Then it is put in the same turning  
wheel and a hole is bored through it.

This is for the more common and  
cheaper amber stems, the kind that are  
put in briarwood pipes, which sell for  
50 and 75 cents. It does not take more  
than a quarter or half hour to finish  
one of these stems. A stem for a more  
costly pipe will take a day. The short-  
est time in which a good meerschium  
pipe can be made is three days. That  
is for a plain pipe. If the pipe is to be  
carved that time has to be added.  
Workmen have spent months on carv-  
ing one pipe.

The dust and chips from the amber  
and meerschium are saved. The amber  
dust is melted and made into amberine.  
The meerschium dust is chopped up and  
worked into a paste, from which imita-  
tion meerschium pipes are made. It is  
a common idea that real meerschium  
can be told from imitation meerschium  
by the fact that real meerschium floats  
on water, but imitation meerschium  
floats also. Imitation meerschium can  
be made which will color better than  
real meerschium does, though it does  
not last so long and the color is likely  
to come in streaks. It is hard for a  
man who is not in the business to tell  
a real from an imitation meerschium.  
The best quality of meerschium fre-  
quently has air-holes and cracks in it.

## THE WAITER GIRL.

A Romance from Real Life Vouched For  
by a Reputable Magazine.

She was a pretty little girl, and was  
at one of the metropolitan stations.  
Enter to her, they say in the play  
books, a middle-aged gentleman, very  
kind and in a very agreeable way, a  
tumbler of claret and lemonade as be-  
fitting the summer season, and precipi-  
tately disappears on hearing the ring-  
ing of a bell, which proclaimed that his  
train was due. He disappeared, but in  
his hurry he left behind him a pocket-  
book containing a very important note.  
It contained some sovereigns and a roll  
of bank notes, and also some business  
papers ever more important than the  
bank notes. The merchant retraced  
his steps and went in search of the  
place he had visited in the course  
of the day, and he had been to a  
great many; but his memory was an  
utter blank in regard to the refreshment  
room. He put an advertisement  
in the papers; but waitresses do not  
read advertisements unless they are  
looking for a situation for self or  
friends. But one day this gentleman  
managed to find himself in this station,  
which, by the way, was not in his nor-  
mal line; one which he visited very  
rarely, and as it were, only by accident.

Directly he entered the room the pretty  
girl at the counter recognized him, and  
saying "Hello, Mr. X," she was a lady  
was sitting—it now being late in the  
autumn—drinking a cup of tea.

"I think, sir," she said, "that you  
left a pocket-book here some months  
ago."

"Indeed I did; and I shall be particu-  
larly glad to hear of it again!"  
The girl had her wrist about her.  
It would not do to give the pocket-book to  
the first stranger that claimed it after  
she had mentioned her find. At the  
same time she had a recollection of the  
person whom she spoke, which had  
caused her to address him.

"What sort of a pocket-book was it?"  
she asked. "And what did it contain?"  
"It had three sovereigns in it and  
five five-pound notes and some business  
papers, bills of exchange."

"It is all right," he said, "and you  
pocket-book," she said, and she went  
to a little desk and produced it.

It was all right to the minutest de-  
tail. There were the gold and notes,  
and the other precious papers, a little  
silver besides, and half a dozen postage  
stamps.

"Young lady," he said, "I am very  
much obliged. Do you know that I have  
offered a reward in the newspapers for  
the discovery of this pocket-book?"

"I did not know it. I am very glad  
that I kept it for you. I do not want a  
reward."

She said this, but being only a hu-  
man waitress, I dare say the vision of  
a bonnet, or a dress flashed on her im-  
agination.

"Now, will you write down your name  
and where your mother lives in this  
pocket-book of mine?"

"I have no mother; but I have an  
aunt and a set of little cousins."

And she gave an address in Walbrook.  
Some time after this gentleman called  
upon the aunt and said that he would  
be very pleased to send the girl to  
school for a few years, defray all possi-  
ble expenses, and make himself respon-  
sible for securing her a livelihood after-  
ward.

The girl herself was not so pleased.  
She thought that school was only meant

for little girls, and being a mature  
young woman, Dr. X thought she thought  
that she was much too old for it. But  
being assured that there were girls  
even older than that at the good and  
small finishing school where he pro-  
posed to send her, she was wise enough  
to accept the offer, and cleverly availed  
herself of all the advantages which  
were set before her.

The merchant provided for her future  
by persuading her to marry him.  
She made him a good wife, and they  
"lived happily ever after," as if  
they belonged to a story book.—All the  
Year Round.

## MEERSCHAUM IN CHUNKS.

It Comes from Turkey and Is Principally  
Used for Pipes.

The meerschium comes from Turkey  
in boxes. A box holds about fifty  
pounds, and is worth from \$20 to \$300,  
according to the size and quality of the  
pieces. It looks like plaster of paris  
smoothed off and rounded. The amber  
looks like beeswax or large pieces of  
resin. It comes in pieces, and is worth  
from \$2 to \$50 a pound. Meerschium  
make a \$5 pipe costs about \$2.50. The  
amber tips, raw, cost about one-quarter  
or one-half as much.

When an order comes for a pipe the  
proprietor goes through the stock of  
meerschium to get a piece out of which  
the pipe can be cut with as little loss  
as possible. Four-fifths of the meerschium  
is wasted, though the chips are  
often saved and made into imitation  
meerschium pipes.

The meerschium is first cut on a circular  
saw into a piece a little larger  
than the pipe. If the cutting shows  
holes or cracks the piece is cast aside.  
Then it is soaked in water for fifteen  
minutes and cut the rough shape with  
a knife. Then a hole is drilled through  
it and it is turned with a half-moon.  
After the turning the stem is inserted.  
It is smoothed off when dry, boiled in  
wax and polished; then it is ready to be  
sold.

The amber is worked with a chisel  
and turning wheel. The chisel is sharp  
and razor-like. A clumsy operator  
would cut his fingers off with it. An  
old operator takes the piece of amber in  
his hand and rounds it with the chisel,  
the feedings of the chisel being made  
as a guide for the chisel to play. When  
it is rounded it is held against the face  
of a roughened wheel until it is turned  
to approximately the required size.  
Then it is put in the same turning  
wheel and a hole is bored through it.

This is for the more common and  
cheaper amber stems, the kind that are  
put in briarwood pipes, which sell for  
50 and 75 cents. It does not take more  
than a quarter or half hour to finish  
one of these stems. A stem for a more  
costly pipe will take a day. The short-  
est time in which a good meerschium  
pipe can be made is three days. That  
is for a plain pipe. If the pipe is to be  
carved that time has to be added.  
Workmen have spent months on carv-  
ing one pipe.

The dust and chips from the amber  
and meerschium are saved. The amber  
dust is melted and made into amberine.  
The meerschium dust is chopped up and  
worked into a paste, from which imita-  
tion meerschium pipes are made. It is  
a common idea that real meerschium  
can be told from imitation meerschium  
by the fact that real meerschium floats  
on water, but imitation meerschium  
floats also. Imitation meerschium can  
be made which will color better than  
real meerschium does, though it does  
not last so long and the color is likely  
to come in streaks. It is hard for a  
man who is not in the business to tell  
a real from an imitation meerschium.  
The best quality of meerschium fre-  
quently has air-holes and cracks in it.

## AMERICA'S RICHEST WIDOW.

She Maintains a Private Chapel Costing  
Seventy Thousand Dollars.

Never has there been such universal  
church-going in New York as during  
the present season. I saw a lady in  
black step out of a handsome mourning  
carriage in front of St. Thomas' church,  
last Wednesday afternoon, and some  
one told me that it was Mrs. Moses  
Taylor, who, with Mrs. W. H. Vander-  
bilt, shares the honor of being the rich-  
est widow in America. She is a mem-  
ber of the Presbyterian church, but is  
subject to no bigotries and finds place  
in occasional attendance upon ser-  
vices in Episcopal churches. Church-  
going is one of her favorite pursuits at  
all times, and down at Long Branch she  
has a private chapel and chaplain  
of her own, who, during her summer  
sojourn, is attended by quite a  
large congregation of the local Pres-  
byterians and is the center through  
which she distributes her many beau-  
tiful and lavish charities. It was a great  
surprise to her, upon her husband's  
death, to find herself so rich a woman,  
for he never talked to her about his  
business, and though she knew he was  
a wealthy man, she had formed no cal-  
culation as to the amount he was worth;  
no one, indeed, not even his executors,  
had credited Dr. Taylor with more than  
half a dozen millions at the most, and  
the surprise of the latter was great on  
the appointed day, when they and the  
widow went to open the doors of the  
particularly solid vault which the old  
man had built into the wall of his office.  
The innermost compartment was large  
enough to hold certificates of stock and  
the like securities without folding.  
There was a great stack of these papers  
lying neatly on top of each other, un-  
wrinkled and uncreased. They repre-  
sented Taylor's investments in railroads,  
banks and insurance companies, deeds  
of real estate and every sort of sound  
financial venture. The widow did not  
comprehend the full meaning of this  
great pile of documents, but the execu-  
tors looked at each other with pleased  
significance, and set about making an  
inventory, jutting down figures on the  
back of a card, and announcing in av-  
eraged tones to the widow, when this pleas-  
ing task was done, that she was the sole  
possessor of a fortune amounting to  
\$40,000,000. She bore it with thank-  
fulness and gentle resignation of which  
even the worst of us would be capable under  
similar circumstances, and many un-  
fortunate have since had reason to be  
grateful that this great sum fell into  
such discreet and charitable hands.  
Mrs. Vanderbilt is also a faithful  
church-goer, having pews in several dif-  
ferent churches, one of her favorite  
places of worship being old Trinity.—  
Brooklyn Eagle.

The dolphin is said to be the fastest  
swimmer in the seas. It has been ob-  
served to dart through the waters at a  
rate greater than twenty miles an hour,  
and it is often seen